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For The Child's Paper.

THE LAPLAND REINDEER AND NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Here is a reindeer ride. Bayard Taylor, a gentleman from New York, went to Lapland last winter to try reindeer riding, and to see an arctic day. He can tell us something about this kind of drive. The carriage is called a pulk, and is shaped, you see, like a canoe. It is about five feet long, one foot deep, and a foot and a half wide. The harness consists of a collar of deerskin about the deer's neck, with a rope at the bottom, which passes under the belly between his legs, and is fastened to the bow of the pulk. Only a single rein is used. The hoof of the animal resembles that of a camel, it being formed for snow as the camel's is for sand.

What was Mr. Taylor's experience? In the first place, one must dress accordingly. A fur cap stuffed with eider down; reindeer leggings; dog-skin mittens; broad boat-shaped shoes, filled with dry, soft hay, which he said felt like having each foot in the middle of a large feather-bed; and an overall of deerhide, as you see in the picture. Thus dressed, he jumped into a pulk to take his first drive in Lapland.

"My deer gave a bound, dashed round the

house, and made down hill," he tells us. "I tried to catch the breath which had been jerked out of me, and keep my balance as the pulk bounced over the snow. It was no use. In another second I was rolling in the snow, pulk bottom up, and the deer standing and facing me, with a look which seemed to say, 'Oh, you unlucky chap; you are no born Lapp, I know.'" Bayard scrambled up, righted the pulk, and shot off again, but with no better success. A few minutes more and he was again bottom up. He says it is like harnessing a frisky sturgeon to your boat in a rough sea. But I do not know who has ever tried that. Bayard is thankful he is not a Lapp.

Reindeers answer for almost every thing the poor Lapps want—food, drink, dress, and travelling. The Lapp children, dressed in deerhide, look like young cubs standing on their hind legs. The milk of the reindeer is rich and nourishing, but the cheese is strong. A bucket of sour deer's milk, with a wooden ladle in it, one always finds at a Lapp's door.

He at last learned to manage the beast, and made a long winter journey into the arctic regions. The landscapes were bare and dismal, spotted with patches of stunted birch. There are some Lapp huts, which look like snow-cocks in the dis-

tance. The aurora borealis, or northern lights, is the great gas company of the arctic regions, lighting up the long northern nights upon a grand and beautiful scale.

As he went farther and farther north, the daylight dwindled more and more, until he reached a spot where he passed a day without a sun. About ten in the morning it was broad daylight; at twelve there was a bright spot in the southern horizon, telling that the sun was just below it; but it did not even peep up; then it sank away again. How did the sky look? "Such colors!" Bayard tells us; "almost worth a reindeer journey to see: crimson clouds, strawberry-colored hills, violet and orange snow, the sky and clouds and snow taking all hues and shapes of beauty." A neat little church, on which no sun had then shone for a month, loomed up in the grey light of the village where he was. No fires were ever kindled in it. The people's breath sometimes forms a frosty cloud so dense as to hide the minister from his people. "At such times," the minister said, "the very words I speak seem to freeze and fall upon the heads of my hearers like a shower of snow."

One day of a day without a sun was quite enough for our poor traveller. He said he seemed to be standing on the roof of the world, trying to look over the eaves, and could not. The next day he set his reindeer in the direction of sunshine, doubting in his own mind whether the arctic regions were ever meant to be inhabited. Yet

the poor Lapps love their country, and think, when the sun does shine, that it never shone on a better and dearer country than theirs.

READING THE SKY.

"Come here, Patty," said uncle Philip; "and come here, Peter. You have read your books, and now I will teach you how to read the sky."

"When the sky is clear, it says, Love God; when it is stormy, it says, Fear God; when it is lit up with the sun, it says, Praise God; and when one part is clear and shining and another part cloudy, then it says, Love God, fear God, and praise God, all at the same time."

Little Patty said she would read the sky every day; but Peter said if she did, she would be sure now and then to read it wrong. She would fear God when she ought to love him.

"Never mind that," said uncle Philip, "never mind that, Patty, for you cannot be much wrong while you love, or fear, or praise God."

At Shanghai, China, a bethel (a sailor's meeting-house) has been fitted up on a junk, given for the purpose by the chief mandarin of the city; probably the first Chinaman who ever gave a house for the Lord.



For The Child's Paper.

THE LOST GLOVE.

"Mamma," said a little girl, "do you know what my fingers want?" "What do they?" asked her mother. "My fore-finger, my little finger, and my two middles all want a mitten to their own selves; they don't want to be huddled up in one big mitten." The mother looked up, as much as to say, What does that mean?

"I mean," continued Mary, "that I do so want a pair of gloves, mamma. A'n't I old enough? I shall be six in two months. I shall be so happy to be old enough to have a pair of gloves."

"Would you take good care of them?" asked mamma. "I never lost my mittens, neither one or two of them," said Mary. This was true. Mary was fast forming the good habit of taking care of her things. Indeed, young as she was, she excelled the older children in this respect. Mary's mother thought if it would make her little one so happy to own a pair of gloves, she would gratify her; and accordingly, the next time she went shopping, she took Mary and fitted a nice pair on her little fat hands. "Take the best of care of them," said mother. "Of course I shall," answered Mary, with a very womanly air; "I shall keep them for ever." Mary did not know how long for ever was, or I dare say she would not have ventured such a rash promise.

"Mary will lose her gloves before the week's out," said her brother George, who could never keep his. "You see," cried Mary proudly, "you see, sir." "I will see," said George. Mary hoped he would, she felt so very sure.

Not many days after, Mary's Sabbath-school teacher came for her to walk, and she went, gloves and all. They were gone almost all the afternoon, paying visits to some of the other scholars, and visiting a hall that was being trimmed with evergreen for a fair. Mary picked a bunch of evergreen, and lest she might soil her new gloves, she took them off, and put them in her pocket. On her way home she looked to see if they were safe. Out came her handkerchief, and out came one glove; but out came *not* its mate. "Where's my other glove?" cried Mary, stopping in the street and emptying her pockets. The missing glove was not there. Mary ran back, looking on the sidewalk. No glove was to be seen; and as it was getting late, she knew she must go directly home. "But what shall I say?" said Mary to herself, nearly ready to cry. "Oh, I can't tell mother." Did she shrink from being found fault with? Did she think George would laugh at her?

Little Fears now joined the child. There are three families of Fears. Foolish Fears—that is one family; Wicked Fears—that is another; and Wise Fears. The little Fearings are always about among the children, mixing in their play, joining them at school, and often staying with them at home; and they get an unaccountable influence over the children, especially the little Wicked Fears, teaching them to say and do things which the children afterwards are heartily ashamed of, dogging at their heels, putting burdens on their backs, and making them very, very unhappy.

Now which of the little Fears do you think joined Mary? I am almost sorry to tell you. It was Wicked Fear. And what do you suppose Wicked Fear said to her? This is about what it said: Don't tell your mother you lost your glove.

She won't like it; she will blame you, and George will twit you of it. You won't get another pair very soon. Don't say anything about it. When your mother finds it out, and asks you, make believe you didn't know 't was lost; for Wicked Fear is almost always a lying Fear. Oh, how many poor children have been made miserable by the lies of Fear. Have you ever been?

Did Mary mind Wicked Fear? Did she put herself in his power? No. "I will do *no such thing*," said the little girl to Wicked Fear. "I will never lie or make believe to my mother. I'll tell the truth. I'll tell her that I have lost my glove. If she blames me, it's no more than I deserve, I dare say." At this brave, good speech Wicked Fear ran away, as he always does when a child confronts him with Truth on her side. Truth generally has a little Wise Fear with her. They go very much hand in hand. Wise Fear was here now, and it seemed to say to Mary, Right, right, little girl. "The fear of the Lord is to hate evil. Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

So with Truth and little Wise Fear Mary went home and told her mother all that had happened. "Mamma," said the child, "I feel sorry. I am afraid I was too sure, to be as careful as I ought to have been. I did not think. I will not ask you for another pair till I learn to take better care." And Mary was so humble, that George begged his mother to try her with another pair. Did she? Mary had the present of a new pair on her sixth birthday.

For The Child's Paper.

FOREFATHERS' ROCK.

"What place in the east should you like to visit best?" I asked a western boy. And what did he answer? "*Plymouth rock*." A noble spirit beats in that boy's heart, I know. But why Plymouth rock? Because it was that rock the Pilgrim fathers first stepped on when they

"Moored their bark
On wild New England's shore."

It is in the town of Plymouth, on the shores of Cape Cod, thirty-seven miles south-east of Boston.

Is the self-same rock there now? Yes. It is called "Forefathers' rock." But how altered is the spot since the Mayflower landed her passengers there. It now lies at the head of a wharf, between two stores. The top is bare, and nearly level with the ground. It is a hard dark grey granite. One day, more than a hundred years ago, when the wharf was talked of being built, an old man came down to the beach. "I came to take my leave of the rock," he said. "I am ninety-five years old, and I have walked three miles this morning to give it a parting look." "And this is the very rock, is it?" asked the bystanders. "Oh yes," answered the old man. "I was born nigh twenty-five years after the Pilgrims landed, and I knew some of them, and they always pointed out *this rock*," striking it with his staff, "as the spot they first stepped on." The good old elder's words, and his good-by to the old rock, were well remembered by the men of that day, who told the story to their children and grandchildren; and so it has been handed down, like the links of an unbroken chain. This took place in 1741.

In 1774, when the spirit of independence was burning in the hearts of the people, some men undertook to move the rock from the wharf to the town square, in order to raise a liberty pole on it. In trying to raise it, it split in two. A part of it therefore only was carried to the square, and the rest was left still to mark the spot of the Pilgrims' landing. On the 4th of July, 1834, this piece was moved from the square, and put in front of Pilgrim Hall. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and if you look sharp, you will find the names of those on board the Mayflower cast in the iron of the fence, forty-one in number. A French gentleman who visited this country says, "I have seen bits of this rock carefully preserved in several towns of the Union. It has become an object of veneration in the United States. Does not this show that all human power and greatness is in the soul

of men? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and the stone becomes famous; it is treasured by a great nation. Its very dust is precious. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces? Who cares for them?"

Pilgrim Hall, just mentioned, is a handsome building, built in honor of the Pilgrims' memory. It is full of relics of the past. Here are several articles of furniture brought over in the Mayflower, a chair of Governor Conner, a sword of Miles Standish, old books, and records. It is quite an old curiosity shop.

Besides many other interesting spots to visit in Plymouth, I should like to take a sail to a little island on the north side of the harbor, now called Clark's Island. Why? Because it was on that island where the first New England Sabbath was kept. When the Mayflower anchored in the harbor in the bleak month of December, you remember a party was sent to cruise along the coast in order to find a safe place of landing. A terrible storm came on, and the leaky little boat, on the dark night of the 8th of December, 1620, was driven for shelter under the lee of this island. The next day, which was very cold, they spent in drying their clothes, mending their boat, and exploring the island. What a dreary prospect! No fences, no fields, no houses, no smoke curling in the distance, showing pleasant farm-houses somewhere—all a wilderness; a howling wilderness on one side, the angry ocean on the other. The next day was the Sabbath. Though the boat's crew were anxious to get back to the vessel, they rested on the Sabbath according to God's word. The little company, eighteen in number, held their Sabbath worship, praying and singing praises, for the first time on these heathen shores, to Him for whose worship they sacrificed and suffered so much in coming.

Mrs. Hemans beautifully expresses it:

"Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthem of the free." H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

NO MIDDLE GROUND.

"Father, what do you think of Judge Sheppard? Don't you think he is a fine man?" asked Ashton Hall of his father. "He is an impartial judge on the bench," answered Mr. Hall; "he is what people call a good citizen, and a kind father." "And very good to the poor," added Ashton. "Very," said Mr. Hall. "And yet he is an infidel; he does not believe in the Bible, or prayer, or Sabbath-day, or any thing religious—you know he says he does not," said Ashton. "If we take him at his word, we must suppose he does not," said Mr. Hall. "Well, father," asked Ashton, "where do you think Judge Sheppard will go when he dies?"

"Why do you ask the question, my son?" "Why, father, because it seems as if there *must* be some middle ground between heaven and hell, where people only partly good and partly bad can go; right and wrong appear so mixed up in some people. How hard it seems to draw any line which will clearly put everybody on one side or the other. It puzzles me so," said the boy; "I've thought a good deal about it."

"The Bible settles your question, my son," said Mr. Hall. "You think the difference between the good and the bad is one of *degree*. You would ask how many more grains of goodness must one have to merit heaven, how many must one lose to lose heaven at last. Now the difference between the good and the bad in the eye of God, our eternal Judge, is not one of *degree* or *merit* at all. It is a difference in *nature* and in *title*."

"I do not understand you, sir," said Ashton, quickly. "In other words," continued his father, "the Bible, the word of God, tells us that the good are accepted not on account of any merit of their own; their only *title* to heaven is through the merits of Another. 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of

God abideth on him.' Another scripture says, 'He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life.' Another says, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' Mark 16:16. You see it is only through an interest in the Son of God our Saviour, that we have any title or door to heaven.

"The Bible also tells us that the *nature* which fits the good to enjoy heaven, is not the one which they have in common with all mankind, a nature which they were born with, but it is a nature formed within them *since* they were born. Turn to this scripture: 'Jesus answered, Verily, verily I say unto you, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' John 3:5. In Matthew you will find the Lord Jesus saying, 'Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Matt. 18:3. You see that the Scriptures are clear on this point. The Son of God is the way and the door to enter heaven by, which, if we refuse or neglect, no man can ever reach there. 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,' the Bible again tells us."

"Then all our good qualities go for nothing," said Ashton. "They go for a great deal as far as they *do* go," said his father; "like the ornaments and conveniences of a house, giving it a very respectable look, and making it quite pleasant to live in, but offering no security against a rotten foundation. If that is not strong and safe, it will go to ruin, in spite of a good outside. The Scripture says, 'Other foundation' for our heavenly hopes 'can no man lay than is laid, Jesus Christ.'"

"Then how anxious we should be to bring people to Jesus Christ," exclaimed Ashton; "I never saw it just so before. Poor Judge Sheppard—can't somebody tell him?"

How many of the lovely, the amiable, the talented, those whom we love and respect, are there all around us, who, we fear, have never trusted their *eternal interests* in the keeping of the Son of God. Yet he says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: *no man cometh to the Father, but by me.*" Oh, can't somebody tell them?

For The Child's Paper.

BIRDIE AND THE BIBLE CAUSE.

A poor girl up among the granite hills of New Hampshire fell sick, and she was sick a long time. She was patient and happy on her sick-bed, only once in a while she was sorry she could *do* no more for her Saviour, who had done so much for her. She used to be able to work and give her money to spread his word; but her long sickness exhausted all her little money, and when she died she had only one thing left—that was her bird.

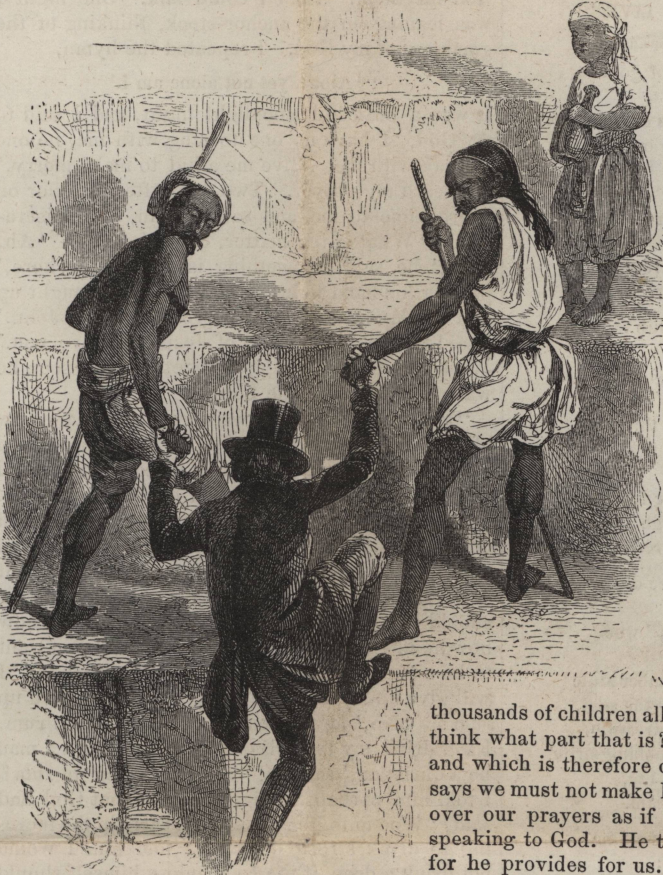
Who should she give her bird to? To her dearest friend. Who was that? Jesus Christ. So she said, "When I am gone, please send that to the Bible Society; it is my little all." After her death her minister took the cage and carried it to a meeting of the churches, and he said, "I have brought a legacy for the Bible cause;" and he uncovered the cage before all the people, and birdie began to sing while he told its story.

But what could the Bible Society do with a birdie? It was put up at auction on the spot. And how much do you think the cage brought to the Society? One hundred dollars. How many Bibles and Testaments would that buy? And so God, who could feed five thousand from five loaves and a few fishes, can, in answer to the desires of his believing children, multiply Bibles, and make them great streams of blessings. I am sure birdie sang a louder and sweeter song of praise after that.

The son of a member of one of the little mission churches in Ceylon, a boy of twelve years, went one Sabbath afternoon to buy fish. A heathen seeing him, said, "What, do you who are a Christian go to buy curry and fish on the Sabbath?" The boy ran home. "Mother," said he, "we must not even buy fish on the Sabbath. It is con-

trary to the command of God. Even the heathen reproach us. I will not go again. My father sent me." From that time all the family food was made ready on Saturday for the Sabbath.

"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."



What is this? I am sure you cannot guess. It is a man climbing one of the pyramids. The famous pyramids of Egypt are built on a high range of land on the edge of a desert, the west side of the river Nile. Far and near there is nothing to be seen over the sandy plain but these huge wedge-like buildings pointing to the skies. There are three larger than the rest. The largest is called the pyramid of Cheops. You reach them by sailing down the Nile. On landing, half-naked Arabs, men, women, and children, flock around to offer their services as your guides. Many of them are one-eyed. The blinding sun and sand often destroy the eyesight. See them in the picture helping the traveller up. The great pyramid is four hundred and sixty-one feet high—more than twice as high as Trinity church spire in the city of New York. It is built square at the bottom, covering eleven acres of ground. There are two hundred and six tiers of stone, tapering off to the top, making a great stone stairway, the steps from one to four feet high. One can mount in about twenty minutes. It is said to have taken one hundred thousand men twenty years to build it, and that the poor children of Israel did the work; but no history is certain upon these points. It was certainly an immense work for somebody to do.

What were the pyramids built for? They are supposed to have been tombs for the kings. They can be entered by a narrow passage leading to a large chamber, which seems to be the principal room. There are other smaller ones. In this chamber is a splendid marble coffin, about seven feet long, three deep, and three wide. You look in and find nothing. But we can readily suppose these tombs to have been robbed long ago of their treasures. Indeed, all this region of country is one mighty graveyard, where millions of mummies are buried.

The race who built these wonderful monuments were far superior to the wretched tribes who pick

up a scanty living among these ruins. "Buck-sheech, buck-sheech!" is the continual cry of the poor Arab guide. What is that? It means, "Give us something, give us something." But there is no giving which ever satisfies them.

For The Child's Paper.

A BIG PULPIT.

Do you know what pulpit the Son of God preached his first sermon in? It was a mountain. Therefore the sermon is called "the sermon on the mount." It is the most famous sermon in the world. He very often preached in the open air; sometimes in the fields, sometimes from a boat by the water's edge, and sometimes in the Jews' meeting-houses, which are called synagogues. Everywhere the people flocked to hear him.

His sermons were very short. The sermon on the mount appears to have been the longest. Matthew gives an account of it in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of his book. It begins with blessings. The heart of the Son of God was full of tenderness and love, and the first words he spoke were to bless. No sermon was ever so much read, both by children and grown people.

A part of it is the first thing which little children are taught; and it is repeated every day by thousands and thousands of children all over the Christian world. Do you think what part that is? It is the prayer which he gave, and which is therefore called "the Lord's prayer." He says we must not make long, unmeaning prayers, or hurry over our prayers as if we were glad when we had done speaking to God. He tells us to call God "our Father," for he provides for us. The world is *his* house that we live in. The wheat and the corn which make our daily bread grew in *his* fields. *His* lambs supply us with wool. His knowledge makes us wise and good. How then ought we to love and obey him, and ask his forgiveness for our sins, and grieve when we offend him.

I cannot give an account of the whole sermon. He tells us what we should do and be, and also what we should not do and be; for we must not only read his words, but mind them. And towards the close, the Lord Jesus told a parable to show the great importance of obeying his words. A parable is a short story. It was about two men who built their houses, one on the sand and the other on a rock. What effect would a great storm have on a house built on the sand, the rain pelting it and the water dashing against it? How soon would the sand drift away. The underpinning would then fall, and the whole house tumble to the ground. Would you not say, What a foolish man he was, not to take better care how to build his house? But the other man dug deep into the ground until he came to a rock, and on that rock built his house strong and firm. When the storms beat upon *his* house, the waters rose, and the wind blew, how safe he and his family felt in the house. He was a wise man, you will say. Jesus says that those who hear his sayings and *do them*, are like this wise man; while all who hear his words and do them not, are like the foolish man who built his house on the sand.

Therefore you must not only hear and read the words of the Lord Jesus Christ, but you must love and obey them. You are a little builder. All your life you are building a character. Every thing you do is like a brick, or a stone, or a rafter, or a nail in the house. Are you building it on a safe foundation? Jesus Christ is the only sure foundation. He is a Rock strong and sure. Your house will be tried. Sorrows and trials and temptations will try it. God will try it. Oh, my dear children, may you be wise builders.



"PLEASE GOD, LET LILLIE LIVE."

A Child's Prayer for her sick Cousin.

The west had shut its gate of gold
Upon the 'parted sun,
And through each window's curt'ning fold
Lamps glimmered one by one;
And many a babe had gone to rest,
And many a tender mother's breast
Still lulled its darling care,
When in a nursery's quiet bound,
With fond affection circled round,
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt—its cherub face
Upraised with earnest air;
And well devotion's heaven-born grace
Became a brow so fair:
But seldom at our Father's throne
Such blest and happy child is known
So painfully to strive;
For long, with tearful ardor fraught,
That supplicating lip besought,
"Please God, let Lilly live."

And still the imploring voice did flow
That little couch beside,
As if for "poor sick Lilly's" woe
It could not be denied:
Even when the balm of slumber stole
With soothing influence o'er the soul,
Like moonlight o'er the stream,
The murmuring tone, the sobbing strife,
The broken plea for Lilly's life,
Mixed with the infant dream.

So Lilly lived—but not where time
Is measured out by woes;
Not where cold winter chills the clime,
Or canker eats the rose.
And she who for that darling friend
In agonizing love did bend,
To pour the simple prayer,
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart
That wound the mourning parent's heart,
Lives with her Lilly there.

Mrs. Sigourney.

For The Child's Paper.

THE GOOD VOYAGE.

A Sailor's Story.

"I joined the United States service on board a man-of-war," said he, "and went to sea, not caring where the ship was bound. At sea we were caught in a gale of wind, when three days' sail from Rio. Our masts went by the board. We were on a lee-shore, and were expecting every moment to find a watery grave. Then I remembered the prayers of my father, and how, when I was a little child, he used to kneel with me at the bedside and give me to God. This came up before me, and when the captain said, 'We shall all soon be swept into eternity,' I felt I was lost for ever. I kneeled down on deck, and prayed to God to have mercy on me; and I made a vow that if he would spare my life, I would give myself to his service.

"We were saved; but I did not keep my vow. No, it was broken. But his goodness followed me. I was taken sick, and again in my lonely bunk I thought of him. I prayed for his forgiveness through the Lord Jesus Christ. The ship went to the Sandwich Islands. There a missionary came on board. I was sitting on deck. He came up and asked me, 'Do you read your Bible?' 'I have none, sir,' I said; 'I suppose there is one in the ship, but I do not read it.' He then gave me a New Testament, and said, 'I pray God that it may be blest to your soul.' I read that Testament after the godly man left. I read it a great deal, but did not find the comfort I expected.

At length I came to the passage, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"There was no closet where I could go, so I knelt down on the deck of the vessel, and there, blessed be God, he spoke peace to my soul. I went and told my shipmates, thinking they would be glad. But they thought I was crazy. They teased and laughed at me. I tried to do good to my shipmates. The first thing I did was to pray God for them. Then I could talk. One night I was leaning on the anchor-stock, thinking of the goodness of my God. I repeated the hymn,

"'Alone, yet not alone am I'

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and I said to my God, 'I have no one to sing with me, no one to pray with me. Give me a kid to make merry.' He heard my prayer. Two days after, a sailor on board came to me, and said, 'John, I am miserable.' 'What is the matter, Joe?' I asked. 'Ah, John,' he said, 'something is the matter here,' putting his hand to his heart. 'I was brought up in a Sunday-school. I know you are right, John.' I said to him, 'The blood of Jesus can save you.' We began to read and pray together, and soon he was made happy in the Lord.

"Soon after this, while we were sitting in the bow of the ship, we sang the 'Star of Bethlehem,' and asked God for another to keep us company. And he gave us another. Then did our hearts rejoice. Soon four or five more were brought to God through faith in his Son. Many were angry at the good work. One sailor could give up every thing but rum. He could not part with that. He said he should like to be a Christian, and wanted to know how he might be one. I said to him, 'If you want to be a Christian, you must give up your sins.' 'I will give up my sins,' he said. 'Will you give up rum?' 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot give up rum. I will drink my two glasses of rum. Can't a man be a Christian,' said he, 'without giving up rum?' I told him perhaps it might be, but that God had said, 'Woe unto him who riseth early in the morning to drink strong drink.' I told him I would not drink a drop, if the commodore himself should offer me a glass. Well, that man would n't give up his rum, and so when he went ashore two glasses led to more. He was taken to a trap of hell in Water-street, and he is now lying in the churchyard, without a stone to mark the spot, far away from home and friends. Ah, God follows men on the sea more closely than the winds follow the ship."

This story of a converted sailor on one of the United States ships during a recent cruise, is interesting on many accounts. Does it not say, "Sow the seed?" Sow the good seed in the hearts of the young; never be discouraged; never despair. It will spring up at times and seasons you little think of and may never know. The prayers of pious parents, the instructions of faithful Sabbath-school teachers, are not lost.

For The Child's Paper.

WHAT IS A STAR?

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

How many little children have said and sung this hymn, and still wondered what the bright stars are. Perhaps some are wondering now, and would like to know more about those twinklers away up there so far above us.

These sparkling stars in the evening sky are suns, like our sun that rises every morning and gives us light every day, only they are so very far off that they look like brilliant points.

Have you ever been out on the ocean in the night, and noticed the lighthouses? They appear as faint stars in the distance; but when you are near, they are seen to be large brilliant lights. So the stars, if we were nearer to them, would look like our sun. But we are so far from them, that if we were to go many millions of miles we should not reach them. If you should begin to count

now, and keep on counting till you are old and grey-headed, you could not count the miles to the stars. These sun stars are called *fixed stars*.

Besides these, there are stars which we see in the sky called *planets*. They are not suns, but worlds like our earth, and they look bright because our sun shines on them, and it is reflected as a lamp in a mirror. Our earth is a planet. The planets revolve around the sun. These planet stars do not twinkle as the sun stars do, and there are only six or seven of them that we can see; while of the sun stars we see a thousand with the naked eye, and millions more are seen by telescopes.

Perhaps you have wondered what becomes of the stars in the daytime. They are still shining, but the sun is so bright we cannot see them.

Now if I should ask any of you who made these beautiful stars, you would answer, God. Yes, our heavenly Father made the stars. Do you not think it wonderful that the Maker of these unnumbered suns, and of the earth and the moon, should take notice and care for each one of you, and give his Son to die for you? And how grateful you ought to feel for this love; very much more than if the greatest kings and queens of earth had been kind to you. God made the kings and queens, and they are no more in his sight than a little child. This great and good God wishes you to love and obey him, and his dear Son came on earth to show you the way. Learn, dear children, in the Sabbath-school and from the Bible what this way is, and never forget to walk in it. K. L. P.

PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight gentlemen had appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual; but the eighth was a quarter of an hour behind the time, and came in full of apologies. "I had no idea of its being so late," he said, "no idea." "Friend, I am not sure we should admit thy excuse," said one of the committee-men, who was a Quaker. "It were a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also wasted, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was *thine own property*."

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Who said this, and when?

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